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THOUGHTS
in
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Edith Leroi's



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DEDICATION—

To the sacred and beautiful memory
of my beloved children,
I dedicate these thoughts in verse.

“Why seek ye the living among the dead?
He is not here, but is risen.”—Luke 24: 5-6.

CONTENTS.

Page

Message of the Flowers	1
The Father's Love	2
I Wonder?	4
True Nature	5
At the Crossroads	6
Rest in Work	8
What is Death?	9
The Perfect Day	10
Star of Bethlehem	11
A Child's Faith	12
A Mother's Love	13
To Her Memory!	14
To the Church	15
What Can I Do Today?	16
Dreams	17
Lines to a Friend	18
By the Sea	19
A Still Small Voice	20
True Substance	21
Supposed to be from my Children	22

Golden Silence	Page 24
Thou Lone Star	25
The Saviour's Message	26
The Perfect Concept	28
Acrostic	30
Be Still and Know	31
The Five Senses	32
The Cactus and the Rose	33
The New Old Story	34
Our Refuge	36
Our Daystar	37
My Vision	38
The Awakening	40
Father, I Thank Thee!	41
Truth's Reappearing	42
Having Eyes, Ye See	43
Song of the Cuckoo	44
A True Shepherd	45
Eternity	46
Acrostic	48
Supplication	49

Go forth little book, the world is wide,
For all there's a message of cheer,
May it meet some need, some starved heart feed,
Is my true and earnest prayer.

Message of the Flowers

Primroses gold on a bed of green,
Dear yellow hearts, centered in white;
Waft your fragrance sweet and clean,
O'er meadows by you made bright.

Pansies of purple, your royal dress,
Velvet and soft as the dove,
Bring us a message of tenderness,
Breathing of joy, health and love.

The sunflower rears its stately head,
Its orange hues glint in the sun,
It proudly grows in its verdant bed,
Its love work is never done.

The beautiful rose with heart of pink,
Soft as the tint of a shell,
And roses of red; they form a link
As together in love they dwell.

A word of the lily on slender stem,
Clothed in its garment of white,
A crown of pure love its diadem,
The masters praise, its might.

Roses are here, bud and blossom are there,
Rich growth in abundance is everywhere,
All are expressing God's wonderful care
For the flowers.

The Father's Love

When the birds shall cease their singing
And the sun shall cease to shine,
When the stars forget to glisten
And nature reflect the divine;
When our world is left in darkness
And faith begins to decline,
When man stands alone; then **only**,
Will His love cease to be mine.

But the birds will never stop singing
And the sun will always shine,
For God lives on, yea forever,
And man reflects the divine,
So I will rejoice and be grateful,
For all that's of Thee, and Thine,
I rejoice that I always must be,
While the Father's love is mine.

But there is a land that is brighter
Where the sun does not need to shine,
Where angel birds always are singing
With songs that are wondrous, sublime,
Where joy crowns each weary seeker
And life reflects the divine,
Where our loved ones wait to greet us,
(This world will some day be mine.)

Oh, world of eternal sunshine,
Where grief or sorrow or pain
Can never darken its portals,
Nor shadow its peaceful reign,
Where Love stands ready to welcome,
And harmony reigns sublime,
Where death is unknown, and loss is gain,
For the Father's love is mine.

I Wonder?

I wonder if she knows, that in this world of dreams,
Where life appears so very real, altho not what it seems,
We still are striving longingly to reach the higher goal,
Where to is life eternal, salvation for the soul.

I wonder if she knows, that while for love's dear sake
We wear a smile of gladness, our longing hearts do ache;
For sin and sorrow still delude, and error tries to mock,
But Christ our sure foundation is, our shelter and our rock.

I wonder if she knows, that still we hold her dear,
That tho she rose to greater heights, we like to feel her
 here,
To feel her gentle presence, her influence for good,
So we can stand for Principle, as brave and firm **she**
 stood.

I wonder if she knows, that the joy and love and mirth,
The good that she reflected, has given us new birth;
And lifted thought to better things, to things as yet unseen,
To Truth and Love eternal, that which has always been.

I wonder if she knows, that as she traveled thro
And seemed to stay a little while, her great work here
 to do;
That hearts of loving gratitude, and praise to God above,
Will carry on the work she left, with hearts filled full of
 love.

True Nature

Can'st hear the song-birds singing
A'singing in the trees,
Can'st hear the glad bells ringing,
And the humming of the the bees?

Can'st see the roses blooming,
And smell their fragrance sweet,
And hear the church bells booming,
To welcome and to greet?

Can'st hear the cows a'lowing,
See the milk-maid with her stool,
And the children's faces glowing
As they hurry off to school?

Can'st see the sunshine streaming
Around that bed of pain?
And see that wan face beaming
As she thinks, 'Tis not in vain!

Can'st see all nature breathing
Of beauties yet unseen,
Of love, and peace, and gladness,
Of what has always been?

Can'st hear the angels singing
O'er the hill-tops far above?
As with joyous voices ringing,
They tell us, God is Love.

At the Crossroads

We stood at the crossroads my dear ones and I,
And wondered which road we should take,
The finger post pointed in different ways
And we wanted to make no mistake.

The path down the hill looked bright and gay,
Where the lights of the city glowed,
But still we doubted if that was the way
To find the sure right road.

For the other path was narrow and straight
And the ground was sharp and rough,
And we seemed to want to try that way
But it didn't seem easy enough.

So we settled the question, and after much thought
Which seemed quite the very best way,
We decided to try the path that was rough,
Tho we wanted the path that was gay.

So we started up the path that was straight,
But often we stopped to look down,
And we stumbled and fell, while all the time
We thought of the lights in that town.

Tho the journey was long, a lesson we gained,
There was much to see and to know,
After wasting much time we had to learn
That he who would reap, must sow.

So after what seemed many endless days,
We stopped on our journey to think,
And finally came to the parting of ways,
For our rest and food and drink.

And we found ourselves at the crossroads again,
We had gone the same way round,
By drifting about, and looking back,
We had covered the same old ground.

On that journey we started a party of four,
We came back a party of three,
One of my dear ones had seen the light,
Where it led she wanted to be.

And she stood from afar, and beckoned us on
With a radiant smile on her face,
And pointed out the road we should take
That would lead to our rightful place.

And now we have started our journey again
And our steps are light and free,
And she seems to say, as she beckons us on,
'Tis the Father's love that is guiding thee.

Rest in Work

There is never a cloudy day
But what the sun shines thro,
There is never a tired heart
But finds there is work to do:
There is never an ache or pain
Or an outlook seeming dim,
That Love does not meet and bless
So long as we trust in Him.

For the sun has always shined
And our lives were always bright,
To the one who knows the Father
There always has been light.
And the pain is only the seeming,
And the ache was never true,
You have only to know the Father
And the work you have yet to do.

So waste not the golden hours
The moments are precious too,
God gave us today and tomorrow,
And there's plenty of work to do:
So never can ill befall us
And never a tear can dim,
Our strength is what He gave us,
Our courage we owe to Him.

What is Death?

What is death? 'Tis the death of the false,
The awaking from trouble and pain,
'Tis the leaving behind this dream of life,
'Tis the being born again.

'Tis only the rising up and out
Of this dream of sorrow and strife,
The carrying on of a work begun,
There's no change, for all is Life.

There is no death! our God who is Life
Never made man to suffer and die,
There is only the peace, the calm and rest,
Which is here, and now, and nigh.

The Perfect Day

Night:—and the world is sleeping,
And covered with soft moonbeams,
Poor tired humanity slumbers,
And thinks, and suffers, and dreams.

Dawn:—and the world is peeping
Out from soft roseate skies,
And all the world is joyous
As the old day wanes and dies.

Noon:—and the sun is shining
Bathing all nature with light,
And there's plenty of play and work,
While the world seems happy and bright.

Evening's soft twilight is glowing,
And it seems to whisper, peace:
And harmony Love bestowing,
Gives us rest, as our labors cease.

And the night and dawn, the noon and eve,
Go to make up one perfect day,
For to live and be grateful, laugh and work,
Is really the very best way.

Star of Bethlehem

A light is shining in the east,
Its radiance gleams afar;
Come one and all your eyes to feast,
It is the Bethlehem star.

Whence came these riders, wise men three,
Is their mission peace or war?
'Tis the Judea child they came to see,
They follow the Bethlehem star.

Lead on thou holy shining star
And guide these dauntless men,
No power can their purpose mar,
Lead on! to Bethlehem.

At last a manger poor they see,
The star hath led them there;
And gratefully, on bended knee,
They bow in silent prayer.

In heavenly strain the angels sing
"Peace and good will to men",
Good tidings of great joy we bring
This day, to Bethlehem.

"For unto us a son is born",*
Where peace and love abide,
In manger lies, this Easter morn,
The holy Bethlehem child.

*Isaiah 9:6.

A Child's Faith

"Did God make the birdies?" the little one asked,
As he perched on his mother's knee,
And he bent his curly golden head
O'er the window, the bird to see.

"Yes, God made the birdies," the mother replied
As she stroked his curly head,
"And He made all the plants and flowers too,"
She softly and lovingly said.

"And who made our little dog Trim?" he asked,
With big and wondering eyes,
"For I feel quite sure he is too big
To have ever come out of the skies."

"There is nothing too little, or nothing too big,
Or nothing too great," she said,
"For the loving Father who cares for us all,
'Tis He who gives us bread."

Then a thoughtful look stole over his face,
And his little brows knit in a frown,
"If God does all those wonderful things,
Won't He drop my papa down?"

Two teardrops fell on the little white hand
That rested on mother's knee,
"He's happier there, and free from care,
So he needn't come back, you see."

"Dear God," he said, as he prayed that night
With eyes so wondrous to see,
"I am glad you are taking care of my dad,
And my mamma, and Trim, and me."

A Mother's Love

I am joyous, ever joyous!
And all nature gladdens me,
And the birds and trees and flowers,
Bring me messages of thee.

Thou art radiant, ever radiant!
And thy presence hovers near,
And the angels seem to whisper
Do not grieve; for she is here.

All is peaceful, ever peaceful!
While I seem to hear your voice
Like the sound of many harpstrings,
Bidding me, Rejoice, Rejoice!

I shall love thee, ever love thee!
'Till this heart shall cease to beat,
'Till I wake, and waking greet thee,
For I know, we two shall meet.

To Her Memory!

I sang her to sleep, at close of day,
With her little hand clasped in mine,
And the angels came and bore her away,
To that land of bright sunshine.

She seemingly left us; but know we well
No power her life could destroy,
And we miss her; yea, more than words can tell,
But we know that she rose with joy.

To the Church

Can we doubt it was love did inspire
Those builders so strong and so true,
That worked with such hearts of gladness
To build the dear church for you?

Can we doubt that it lifts thought higher,
As we worship, with prayer for grace,
And we feel its atmosphere holy,
And see joy writ on every face?

Can we doubt why all hearts are united
In one strong and brotherly tie,
As hands are outstretched in welcome,
While a Presence unseen hovers nigh?

Can we doubt why each weary pilgrim
Finds shelter and rest within,
As they know they have found the haven
From a world of sorrow and sin?

Just because from its lofty summit,
From its dome and its spire above,
With a modesty, meekness and granduer,
It just **speaks**, of a God who is Love.

What Can I Do Today?

What can I do for you now my Father,
What can I do today,
How can I show my gratitude Father,
How can I ever repay?

Show me how to be meek my Father,
Teach me how to be strong;
Show me how to distinguish Father,
Between the right and the wrong.

Help me more love to show my Father,
Help me to be more kind;
Show me how to reflect, my Father,
More of the infinite Mind.

Teach me to know true charity Father,
How to forget and forgive;
How to love mine enemies Father,
Teach me how to live.

Give me some work to do my Father,
Something for Thee and Thine;
Help me to help myself my Father,
So that my light may shine.

And help all to dwell in that light,
Oh, glorious light divine;
That shines for us, today and fore'er,
Dear Father Mother mine.

Dreams

In the garden of "youth" we were playing,
And life seemed to bubble along,
All nature with mirth and gladness
Seemed to burst forth in joyous song.

Mid'st the roses of "love" we were straying,
And his voice echoed low and sweet,
And it seemed as though fairies were dancing
With light tripping, dainty feet.

In a realm of "joy" we were basking
Because of two bright blue eyes,
She seemed to belong to the faries,
They had brought her from Paradise.

In the garden of "dreams" we were weeping,
For it seemed that the faries came
And danced away with our treasure,
While the woods echoed brightly, her name.

In the radiance of "Life" we are living,
For the faries came back that night,
And whispered, the angels took her!
And now she basks in the light.

Lines to a Friend

Whene'er I think of thee
Around thy form her presence seems to linger,
Like a link from out the sacred past.

She thought thee wondrous kind;
And cherished every word of fond endeavor
You spoke to help her, on her way.

His will be done!
If she but helped to bring thee one step nearer
To the light, 'twere not in vain.

Lift up thine eyes;
Behold her angel form, around thee hovering
In mental realms, grown, oh so fair!

By the Sea

As I sit by the murmuring sea waves,
Glance over the horizon blue,
Watch the sea gulls dip down o'er the ocean,
I am thinking, my dear one, of you.

A tall ship comes into my vision,
And on deck there are brave hearts and true,
And these faces all beaming with gladness
Make me ponder, my dear one, on you.

And I think of that master helmsman,
That is safely guiding the crew,
And I know that the same loving presence
Is guarding and caring for you.

Then the sun sinks down o'er the ocean,
And the sea gulls homeward fly,
And the ship glides by in the distance,
While a golden glow fills all the sky;

And I wonder out there by the sea waves,
Is there anything old or new;
Any sorrow or pain, any pleasure or gain,
Can deprive me, my dear one, of you?

A Still Small Voice

What is this still small voice that speaks
When mortal sense is still?
That bids us, listen and obey,
Subdue the human will.

What is it makes us want to show
True charity to all?
That makes us want to give and give
Whene'er this voice doth call.

Why do we strive to know and **know**
The love that knows no change?
Because to conquer self we rise,
And mount to higher range.

Why is it that we cannot feel
Security in sin?
Because, we know at such a cost
We cannot enter in.

So let us to this still small voice
Forever list, and heed,
And know, that only thus will be
Supplied, our every need.

True Substance

My substance is in spirit,
And not in dust or clod;
I know I have been always,
The perfect child of God.

My life it is eternal,
For God is e'er the same,
He is my shield and Saviour,
Blessed be His holy name.

I know I've pre-existed,
Since e'er the Word He spake,
For nothing to it can we add,
Nor from it can we take.

And so we live forever,
And ever, ever on,
Till some day we awake in
The likeness of His son.

So nothing happens ever,
For matter cannot bind,
In Him we live, and move, and breathe,
In the eternal Mind.

Supposed to be from my Children

Could you but see us mother, so joyous and so free,
You would not grieve our mother, we are so close to thee.
There is no separation, there is no want nor lack;
Could you but see us mother, you would not want us
back.

There is no death our mother, 'twas but a dream we had,
We woke to Life dear mother, this need not make you
sad?

In God's eternal sunshine, we drink the live-long day,
His eye is on us mother, and on you too, alway.

Wait patiently dear mother, and do the Father's will,
He will in time, in His own way, your cup with blessings
fill.

Take up the cross, and it will lead to where the crown
awaits,

And we'll be waiting mother, yes, just within the gates.

There will be no more sorrow, nor grief, nor tears, nor
pain;

'Tis worth the struggle mother, to meet, nor part again.
And so we journey mother, together, side by side,
You cannot lose us mother, while you in God abide.

Look up, the sun is shining, it but reflects the light
Of home, and peace, and heaven, wherein there is no
night;

For God is Love, and God is Life, and God is all in all,
He folds us in His loving arms, who marks the sparrow's
fall.

So when your work is finished, and your earth-dream
shall break;

Be sure He finds you watching, faithful, alert, awake;
And in his arms he'll bear you, His blessed beloved son,
Where we await to welcome, our hearts' best, dearest one.

Golden Silence

The golden silence of this wondrous night,
The moon and stars in all their glory bright,
The birds that twitter in their leafy bower;
Bespeak the Love, that marks each passing hour.

Yon' mountain top, o'er which the roseate glow
Is hovering, making glad the vale below,
Is whispering, in meekness and in might,
"I but reflect the Love that gives me light."

The lake that ripples just beyond my feet
Tells me its story, oh so wondrous sweet!
"The images you see reflected here
Come from above, though God is everywhere."

A stately rose bush close beside me stands,
A bud unfolds, as by some unseen hands,
A tiny green leaf flutters to the earth,
They seem to feel the Love that gave them birth.

So far removed from earth and all its strife,
I dwell apart, and feel the Truth, the Life
That knows no taint of earth, no lack nor greed,
The Love that waits to fill our every need.

And as I gaze, my soul is filled with bliss,
My heart o'erflows, oh, do I ask amiss?
While looking up to Him, my prayer be—
"Father, make me worthy, to see myself in Thee."

Thou Lone Star

Please tell me your secret, you lone little star,
Why hide in the dusky glow,
Why blink to yourself so modest and sweet,
Why not tell us all you know?

Your comrades are clustered together, afar
They seem to be circled in light;
Come tell me! why is it you blink alone,
Why are you so lonely tonight?

What is it that chains you, you tiny star,
What is it on which you gaze?
That bright little eye was only meant
To twinkle with smiles, not tears.

Mayhap thou art seeing some sorrow great,
Mayhap 'tis some bed of pain;
Or maybe some struggle of strife and hate
Or maybe of greed and gain.

Why gaze at the sorrow, thou sweet little star,
Why not at the joyous and bright?
There is plenty of good in this world you know,
To make you feel happy tonight.

So please join your comrades you lone little star,
And add to their radiance bright,
Your glorious twinkle, 'twill help to glow
And reflect in this world, more light.

The Saviour's Message

Come unto me, the Saviour said
(Who knew not where to lay his head)
My lambs I gather to my breast,
Come! And I will give you rest.

I am the living bread of Life,
I lift thee far above all strife,
I heal thy sorrow and thy sin,
Be true! If thou would'st enter in.

I stand and knock upon thy door,
I give to all, both rich and poor,
I heal the sick, the deaf, the lame,
I do it all, in His dear name.

As often as you eat my bread
You'r following me, the Saviour said.
As often as you drink my cup,
I will come in, and with you sup.

The world will persecution give
But faithful be, and thou shalt live,
Take up the cross, be not cast down,
And thou shalt win, and wear the crown.

If faithful e'en to death art thou,
My name I'll write upon thy brow,
And everlasting life shall be
Thine heritage—eternity!

Thy loved ones all are safe in me,
I'm watching over them and thee,
And some day I will call thee home
To share with them, of joy the sum.

Press on, and nothing daunted be,
'Tis I, the Christ, that helpth thee.
Be not afraid! this hand outstretched,
Shall gather thee unto my breast.

The Perfect Concept

I've conceived such a beautiful picture,
'Tis divine, so the artist said,
Such wonderful form and color,
Such a blending of gold and red.

I see a beautiful landscape
With a sward of emerald green,
There are birds and trees and flowers,
Such hues I never have seen.

Oh, paint us this beautiful picture,
These glories that you have outlined;
I'll try, but I cannot do justice,
To the idea conceived in my mind.

I'll show you my highest concept,
At best it can never portray
The glorious picture within me,
Which is real, and must live always.

So he painted his beautiful picture
While divine Love guided his hand,
And he brought out his highest concept,
Of tree and color and land.

Then he eagerly gazed at his picture,
But he sadly shook his head,
'Tis not as I see it within me,
There's no blending of gold in **this** red.

There's no **joy** in this painted landscape,
There's no **smile** in my roses red,
There's no **hush** in the golden sunshine,
There's no **life** here at all, he said.

So he took his beautiful picture
And tore it in twain and in twain,
I'll keep my perfect concept,
For with me that must always remain.

And as he gazed at the fragments
That littered the carpet blue,
He said in a voice of gladness,
The **real** was never in you.

Acrostic

Heaven called thee, child of sunshine
And the angels bore thee high,
Nigh to Him with loving welcome
And with tender lullaby;
Have we then the right to sigh?

Be Still and Know

I too have conceived a poem,
Its theme is inspired, sublime;
Write! bids a voice within me,
These thoughts are not yours, but mine.

Give out to the world my message,
To thine ever self, be true,
Hide not your light 'neath a bushel,
There is work in my vineyard for you.

I give to all crumbs of comfort,
Expressed in sermon or song,
The race is not to the shiftless
But to the faithful and strong.

"Oh Love divine, please guide me,
Our sorrows will seem so real,
I fully trust in Thine infinite love,
I **know** it cannot fail."

Be still! speaks the voice within me,
And know that I am God,
My work it is to save and bless,
Pass, 'neath my chastening rod.

The Five Senses

Seeing

Look out upon the universe, and tell us what you see,
How far thy stretch of naked eye, how wide thy vision be;
How much of beauty could'st thou know if aught should'st
 dim thy sight,
How could'st thou see the sunshine, if thou had'st not the
 light?

Hearing

What dost thou hear out in this world of stress and din
 and strife,
What message doth it bring thee, of Truth, and Love, and
 Life?
How can'st thou hear the real voice, that speaks to thee
 within,
Amid the rush and scurry, amid the noise and din?

Smelling and Tasting

How can'st thou smell the fragrance of rose and 'bower
 sweet,
When noxious odors do intrude upon thy calm retreat?
How can'st thou taste of heaven and earn thy soul's
 release,
When bitter memories return, to mar thy joy and peace?

Feeling

How can'st thou feel the feathery touch of Love's soft
 healing balm,
When hate and pain and sorrow, try to overthrow thy
 calm?
The Spirit's true perception, which lifts above the sod,
Bids to all sense, Be silent! And walk thou with thy God!

The Cactus and the Rose

A cactus and a rose bush,
Together side by side,
Grew in a lonely garden,
Where no one ever hied.

Said the cactus to the rose bush,
"I often wonder why
You waste your fragrant sweetness,
Where no one passes by."

Said the rose bush to the cactus,
"My joy is all within;
I love my fragrant sweetness,
E'en tho I ne'er am seen."

"I too would fain be happy,"
Said the cactus to the rose,
"But I'm so straight and ugly,
Could I? do you suppose?"

That night a tender rose bush
Plucked her one blossom red,
And stealing 'hind the cactus,
She placed it on his head.

The morning's sunshine glistened
Upon a cactus fair,
While a selfless little rose bush,
Stood plain and brown and bare.

The New Old Story

On an April day,
 "In her own sweet way,"
My grandmother told me a story;
 Of a shepherd lad bold
 With curls of gold,
And she called him, the Lord of glory.

He taught men to pray
 In his simple way,
And they marvelled at so much learning,
 From whence did it come?
 They asked one by one,
For his words in their hearts were burning.

And then came a day
 When he said, "I'm the way,
The truth, and the life, your Messiah;
 By my fruits you shall see,
 That indeed, I am he,
I have come to teach men to go higher.

And then came a day,
 "Ah me! Lack a day!"
That with cords and with hatred they bound
 him,
And they crowned him with thorns,
 Amid laughter and scorns,
Because of the truth that he taught them.

'Twas a glorious day,
"I heard grandmother say"
For this wonderful saviour of grace;
When his earth life he gave,
A loved world to save,
That men might their wrong steps retrace.

Oh grandmother! pray
Do tell me! I say,
Where now is this Lord of glory?
He is dwelling above
In a realm of love;
That as far as I know of the story.

So dearie, I pray
That you too some day,
When like me you've grown old and hoary,
To the listening ear
Of some grand child dear,
May be telling the old sweet story;

Of this shepherd lad
Who came from God,
And was born in a manger lowly,
Who rose above hate,
To his native estate,
To the radiance of His, God's glory.

Our Refuge

A tiny boat just caught in a storm,
A man and a maid inside,
A lowering sky, and waves tossed high,
Oh God help us both, he cried.

Shall we row abreast of the waves, she asked,
Or shall we ride above?
Let us rest on the bosom of God, he said,
Let us rest in the allness of Love.

Shall we pray for the light by which to see,
If aught of danger is near?
No harm can befall, for God is all,
Where He is, we've naught to fear.

Just then the dawn peeped out above,
A ship in the distance cheered,
And faces glowed, and gratitude flowed,
From the hearts of a man and maid.

Our Daystar

Oh, for the peace that knoweth no sorrow
And for the calm that knoweth no stress;
Oh, for the day that knows no tomorrow,
That never waneth, but rises to bless!

Oh, for the love that knoweth no hate,
And for the health, that knoweth no pain,
Oh, for the faith that knows how to wait
For that which maketh us whole again.

Oh, for the truth our conscience to fill,
And for the wisdom that guideth aright,
Out of all woe, and error, and ill,
Out of the darkness, into the light.

Oh, to discern the love and the truth,
The presence of Him, who giveth us breath,
To know the joy of perennial youth,
That radiant Life, that knoweth no death.

My Vision

The writer has tried to present, as clearly as possible,
(in the following lines), a vision, or dream,
which was her own experience.

I stand at the foot of the ascent
The path seems rough and steep,
Can I climb to the top of that mountain?
Can my feet their sureness keep?
The path seems rough and narrow,
The way seems very dark,
Oh for some light on my journey,
If even a tiny spark!

My soul breathed a silent prayer
As I started my upward climb,
And I struggled and stumbled, but I knew
I was gaining all the time.
And my hands grasped thorn and bramble,
As I struck out left and right,
But my eyes were fixed on the summit,
For there would I find the light!

And down there in the darkness
At the foot of the vale below,
Was one who was trying to follow,
And I longed to help her so.
But I knew that Love would guide her
Just as it guided me;
Would show her the way in the darkness,
Would show her how to be free.

And just ahead in my pathway,
There fluttered a vision white,
And I seemed to follow this vision
That was leading out of the night;
And then there came such brightness,
I stood on a wide green plane,
And the vision was gone, but I knew
This loss would be my gain.

And then I awoke, but I seemed to know
That my work was just begun,
For the mist is not quite broken,
The race is not quite run;
But where the vision left me,
Right there I'm going to stand,
And in reaching out I'll find, I know,
God's outstretched, helping hand.

And the vanishing night, and the beacon light.
Are the unreal and the real,
For the first is the mist of material sense,
But the other cannot fail.
And the vision white, and the beacon light,
Are pointing above the sod,
To Truth and Love and eternal Life,
To the ever-living God.

The Awakening

I fell asleep! but Oh the peace
That came with parting breath,
I fell asleep, but woke to Life!
Is this what men call death?

Thou senseless form, and lifeless clay,
Grim harbinger of strife,
What canst thou know of truth and love,
What canst thou know of Life?

Thou mortal thought made manifest,
Thou serpent's biggest lie,
Behold my conscious self, and know
That Life can never die.

Oh hearts bowed down with sadness
From which all joy seems fled,
Lift up your hearts with gladness,
Just **know** there is no dead!

The radiant dawn and endless day
Is part of God's great plan,
Which unifies the universe
With God, and perfect man.

Lo! grave where is thy victory?
I live above the sod,
And know that my immortal self
Is hid with Christ, in God.

Father, I Thank Thee!

Father, I thank Thee that I know
That all is Love; and as we grow,
This love finds wider range, and will expand
To strengthen hope, to steady heart and hand.

Father, I thank Thee! For I feel
That all is Truth. In woe or weal
I'll stand for Truth, and never count the cost,
Leave all for Christ, and count the world well lost.

Father, I thank Thee! For I see
That all is Life, joy, bliss, eternity.
And as the symbols disappear, the mists of night
Melt into dawn, and all is radiant light.

Father, I thank Thee with each breath,
That all is Life, there is no death!
For in this love-lit universe of perfect mind,
We can no lack, no imperfection find.

Humbly I thank Thee, Father mine,
*“That Thou hast heard me!” Love divine,
Lift me above earth's sordid thought today,
This Truth to know, "Thou hearest me alway!"

* John 11:41-42.

Truth's Reappearing

Behold, the dawn is breaking,
That ushers in the morn;
Which dates the Truth's appearing,
When Christ, the child, was born.

Ring out, ye peals of gladness,
Your joy proclaim again
This date of Truth's appearing,
(Peace and good will to men).

Oh earth, receive this message,
And sorrowing hearts that ache,
Truth's ever reappearing,
The mists of earth can break.

Ye hosts of heaven proclaim it,
Ye angel band so fair,
Today Truth's reappearing
Is echoing everywhere.

And now beside a sepulchre
Two white robed angels stand,
He is not here, but risen,
And sits at God's right hand.

Oh risen Christ right here and now,
Be thou our help today,
Bright Spirit's reappearing,
Be Thou our guide alway.

Having Eyes, Ye See

In the calm and quiet of midnight,
When all the world is asleep,
I know but Thy will, feel Thy "Peace be still"
While stars their love vigil keep.

And I think of the privilege holy
Of prophet, disciple and seer;
Who had heard and had seen, with Spirit's sense
 keen,
The truths that lift above care.

And then right there, just above me,
With eyes closed fast to the night,
I see clouds of blue, and know that I too,
Have had a glimpse of the light.

And I see in this vision a symbol,
A lesson for me, and for you,
For this firmament wide is the line, 'twill divide
The false and unreal, from the true.

So we know 'tis the mists of error,
Which bring us the darkness and night,
But the soul sense can't fail, for that vision is real,
Of a universe clothed in light.

Oh, may I again be found worthy,
(To be such a channel for love)
That in spite of the dim, through my oneness with
 Him,
I'll again see those blue clouds above.

Song of the Cuckoo

Cuckoo sing! And I shall listen
To the carol of thy lay,
I could hear thee, joyous song bird,
All the live-long day.

Golden-throated happy starling,
Bright-plumed monarch of the air,
Thou art glorious in thy freedom
From all pain, and care.

Cuckoo sing! And when thou'rt tired,
Spread each gold and purple wing,
Use thy glorious, true dominion,
Love hath crowned thee, king.

King of all the open heavens,
Of the earth and air and sea.
Song-bird, we will fly together
Some day, you and me.

And you'll rest me on your pinions
As we onward, upward soar,
And you'll sing for me my song-bird,
As you never sang before.

Cuckoo sing! I love to listen
And to dream the whole day long,
And to build my hopes of heaven
On your wondrous song!



A True Shepherd

Shepherd! count thy flock!
There are missing some:
But through waiting, patient waiting,
More will come.

Shepherd! count thy flock!
Few are missing, see?
Through thy loving, all are coming
Home, to thee.

Shepherd! count thy flock!
Any missing? None!
Thou wilt guard them, and reward them,
All are home.

Shepherd! see thy flock!
None are hungry, cold,
For there now is but one shepherd,
And one fold.

Eternity

Time, thou'rt but a mortal concept,
Place, 'tis where God's children are,
Ever shadowing forth His glory,
Which no sense of time can mar.

Spirit's day, it is the only;
Night, thou'rt but a phantom dream,
Which will vanish with the rising
Of the first faint morning's beam.

Space, 'tis but a human concept
By the infinite Mind unknown.
Now, we have His love and presence,
Here His children, Spirit's own.

One long day of Life irradiant
Wherein there can be no night,
Serves as aid for love's unfoldment
To the good, where all is light.

Mind immortal! we are dwelling
Ever in Thy perfect sphere;
Here we have of joy aplenty,
And of love, enough to spare.

Let us make the most we can, then,
Of our time, as now appears;
Let us use it for unfoldment,
Counting time by soul-filled years.

Man awake! The mist is breaking;
See, God's glory fills all space,
Man is now God's pure reflection,
Man is ever in his place.

Time, and place, and space—illusions!
Naught of error can befall;
Love is real, and Life eternal,
Mind is here, and now and all.

Acrostic

Darkness has fled, the light has shined
And a glorious dawn awaits thee;
In the realm of the real, thy loved ones wait
So joyously there to greet thee,
Your bliss eternally will be.

Life but began where the earth dream broke,
You know now, that peace reigns above;
On that beautiful morn you only awoke
Not to death, but to Life Truth and Love.

Supplication

In the straight and narrow path of life
Help me to walk, dear God,
To grow in spite of storm and strife,
To welcome thy chastening rod.

Help me to see thro errors night
The glorious dawn just ahead,
That heralds a day of endless light
From which will darkness have fled.

And now may I close my little book
With my verses inspired by thought,
And as thru its pages some day you look,
May you get the light I caught.

In the straight and narrow path of life
Help them to walk, Father mine;
To grow in spite of storm and strife,
To find thy kingdom divine.

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